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By the same Author,

(In one Volume Quarto)

CATHARINE *the* II^d

AT

MOUNT TAURUS.

A Poem.

In Nine Cantos.

(Price Half-a-Guinea.)

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CATHARINE

AT

MOUNT TAVRUS.

A Poem.

In Verse.

(Price Half-a-Crown)

THE

MAID of the GROTTOS.

A

Norwegian Tale.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt,

Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt.

Horat. de Art. Poet.

While Beauty must adorn the poet's tale,

Let Sweetness in the narrative prevail;

That so the tender and affecting Lay

May, where it likes, the hearer's soul convey.

L O N D O N:

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THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

THE

MAID of the GROTTOS.

NEAR *Swandamara*; and the *Lapland Hills*,
Where *Kengis* from nine heads his current fills,

Where subtle are the qualities of earth,

And the mysterious loadstone takes its birth,

Where the wild region seems by nature meant

A scene adapted for the strange event,

Walwyn's rich widow kept her grand abode

Open to strangers all, who pass'd the road.

So the free house was kept in *Walwyn's* days,

And *Walwyn's* widow follow'd *Walwyn's* ways.

2 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

Ere six moons darted on his nuptial bed,
The sprigs of cypress o'er his grave were spread.
And all the villagers remember'd well
The public grief when toll'd his funeral-bell.
But round the country, current was the fame,
That the physician had been sore to blame;
And, by too bold a risque of chymic skill,
Did, for experiment, his patient kill:
Grounded on this — that scarce was *Walwyn* dead,
When from his country the physician fled;
Unknown which way; nor of him tidings more
Reach'd, from that season, the *Norwegian* shore.

If the *Norwegian* swains the truth record,
Ne'er comelier widow mourn'd a comelier lord.
When four times more the Moon had fill'd her horn,
The fruit of holy love, a Son was born.
Such welcome birth allwag'd the widow's grief,
And new attentions gave her breast relief.

And

Ere

B

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

3

And when the day for rites baptismal came,
Fain had she, *Wawa*, call'd the infant's name,
But that the father made his last request,
That if his widow with a son were blest,
His name be *Noel**, since his fears were high,
Left, before birth, his mournful wife should die;
And wish'd, that contemplation of the Name
Might urge with care to watch her tender frame,
Her strength to cherish till the natal day,
And not by grief to cast two lives away.

The child grew up, the copy of the fire;
His eye express'd the same sensatious fire.
Limbs, form'd alike, the self-same motions made,
The father's phrase the father's thoughts convey'd.
The same instinctive wit, without his choice,
Was daily utter'd in his father's voice.
Each kind of sport, which gave the father joy,
Became the fav'rite pastime of the boy.

* Noel: *Natalis*.

B 2

Friends,

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

Friends, lov'd by *Walwyn*, *Noel's* favor won;
 Whom *Walwyn* flighted, those would *Noel* shun.
 And if the father had a fav'rite book,
 From dawn till sun-set here the child would look.
 In body, mind, and taste so much the same,
 Of common wonder it the theme became,
 And the accustom'd speech of low and high,
 Whilst *Noel* liv'd, that *Walwyn* could not die.

The beauteous widow (*Anchoret* her name)
 In many bosoms rais'd an amorous flame.
 And at her mansion, many a noble Guest
 By hopeless love was pillag'd of his rest.
 For, as to manhood *Noel* nearer grew,
 He brought his fire's perfections more to view.
 And whilst in him the *Walwyn's* self survey'd,
 Each modern suitor she beheld in shade.
 Her house, as friends, remain'd their free resort,
 But love, offensive, made their visits short.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS. 5

United causes kept the widow fair ;
 Her heart was stranger to corroding care :
 Exhaustless plenty flow'd from her estate ;
 The poor, supplied, went happy from her gate :
 The short-liv'd Summers pass'd in sweet content ;
 The Winters long in festive mirth were spent.
 Her *Walwyn's* spirit she believ'd in sky,
 Her earthly peace inspecting from on high
 She fear'd not death, in hope of purer joy,
 And she lov'd life, for *Noel's* sake, her boy.
 And when a score of widow'd years had pass'd,
 Since *Walwyn*, scorch'd with fever, spake his last,
 She at the age of nine and thirty shone
 With all the bloom of budding twenty-one.

Just at this period, pregnant with event,
 A cause sprang up of sudden discontent,
 When duteous sons with prudent mothers meet,
 In the fond youths the filial love is sweet.

And at a later time, their passions rove
 Among the Fair, to fix a stronger love.
 'Twas thus with *Noel*; who a man became,
 Before he felt the hot *Idalian* flame.
 Above all nymphs his mother he admired,
 Nor sweeter female company desired,
 At which the people the less wonder made
 In him, who all his father's mind display'd.
 And well might he the same fair *Graces* prize,
 Who saw all objects with his father's eyes.
 And he with *Fridiswid*, a maid of lore,
 Who came, when young, to the *Norwegian* shore,
 Of learning, new and old, sage volumes read,
 Who his delighted genius sweetly led.
 And to the *Grottos*, where she kept abode,
 He lov'd each step of the accustom'd road.
 With these affections, *Noel*'s youthful heart
 Long 'scap'd the anguish of the *Cyprian* dart.
 But now arriv'd, from *Dalccathian* vales,
 A beauteous maid, who *Noel*'s heart assails.

The

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

7

The fair *Janetta* on a visit came,
 To pass a year with the *Norwegian* Dame,
 Her look, which rais'd, and then rebuk'd desire,
 Her person, rob'd in elegant attire,
 Her graceful movement, modest eloquence,
 Address accomplish'd, and substantial sense,
 Her conscious blush, her sentimental sigh,
 And the victorious lightning of her eye,
 Such sweet disturbance wrought in *Noel's* breast,
 By a new soul he thought his frame possess'd.
 At once his mother with affliction saw
Janetta's charms his whole attention draw.
 Her son she lov'd with no incestuous flame,
 If wrong, her case must save her heart from blame.
Janetta she approv'd, and own'd her charms,
 But wish'd her *Noel* in no woman's arms.
 And tho' her soul too fond a thought would shun,
 She fain would keep him, her unmarried Son.
 And to herself she said: "Oh anxious heart,
 "Why dost thou feel this unmaternal smart?

"Could

8 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

" Could but one feature in my Son be seen,
 " Diverse from *Walwyn's*, free my heart had been,
 " One mark characteristic could I trace
 " In *Noel's* mind, which did not *Walwyn's* grace,
 " Or could I one in *Walwyn* recollect,
 " Which *Noel* doth not in his mind reflect,
 " I'd with *Janetta* might my *Noel* bless:
 " But *Walwyn's* Image may no Fair possess!"

But *Anchoret* her grief in secret bore;
 To save them pain, a studied smile she wore.
 But while benignant Affectation strove
 To hide for *Noel* her uncommon love,
 Or to hide rather the immortal fire
 Which burn'd for *Noel's* Paradigm, the Sire,
 Her heart grew weary of the kind disguise,
 And forth she went to *Fridiswid* the *Wife*:
 But left direction to the loving pair,
 To seek the *Grottos*, and to meet her there:
 Where she with *Fridiswid* would pass the day,
 And all at evening-tide walk home their way.

The

THE MAID of the GROTTOS. 9

The beauteous *Fridiswid*'s dark eyes and hair
Spoke her no native of *Norwegian* air,
There first she came in *Walwyn*'s fatal year,
And all the house of *Walwyn* held her dear.
Walwyn's free mansion first she made her own,
At *Walwyn*'s wedding a bride-maid she shone.
But shortly after, a Retreat she bought,
Well-suited to her taste, and turn of thought.
Two miles from *Walwyn*'s was this choice retreat,
And call'd the *Grottos* was the rural seat:
Where grotts and caves midst winding streams abound,
And dark plantations shade the mossy ground.
In other parts, in openings light and gay,
The dazzling fountains to the sun-beams play.
And near the swelling of a woody hill,
The *Goth*-built house remain'd unalter'd still.
Here the late *Walwyn* and his happy bride
Oft walk'd with *Fridiswid* at evening-tide,

And

10 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

And hear'd the nightingale's melodious lay,
 After the long and scorching Summer's day.
 And here, to *Fridiswid*, her bosom-friend,
 Oft widow'd *Anchoret* her steps would bend.
 Deep-read and cunning was the foreign maid,
 And with sage counsel could young lovers aid;
 Could teach the swain to soothe the cruel Fair,
 And slighted virgins how to spread the snare.
 And tho' from wedlock's bond herself was free,
 Much by the married was consulted she.
 Of nuptial peace and love the arts she taught,
 And both in shrews and churls conversions wrought.
 She for distempers knew what herbs were good,
 And how to alter the corrupted blood.
 Her depth in doctrines learn'd priests confess'd;
 She made the sceptic reprobate his jest.
 Faith she confirm'd by Reason's lucid ray,
 And Superstition's horrors chac'd away.
 The rural neighbourhood extoll'd her fame,
 And bless'd the day when to the land she came.

She

THE MAID *of the* GROTTOs.

11

She bore their praises with a modest guise,
And all firnam'd her, *Fridiswid the Wife*.

This virtuous lady, when the sun arose,
Shook off the filken fetters of repose.
And on the morning of that summer-day,
When tow'rd the *Grotto's Anch'et* sought her way,
Among the *Grotto's* did their mistress walk,
And to herself alone thus held her talk.

" Oh that my parents, from their thrones in sky,
" Could here in *Lapland* their *Sopbronia* spy!
" Me of them both one cruel month depriv'd,
" And oft I've wish'd, myself had not surviv'd.
" Scarce gone my mother, 'twas my mournful doom
" My fire to follow to my mother's tomb.
" Sweet *Attica*, farewell! my native soil!
" Your groves have witness'd all my studious toil;
" Thro' whose umbrageous avenues I've stroll'd,
" To gaze at shatter'd piles of *Athens* old.

- " Sixteen was I, when thus an orphan left,
 " At once of mother and of fire bereft.
 " But, as if this were too indulgent lot,
 " I might not weep upon my native spot.
 " I might not stay to muse upon my doom,
 " Or rest my arm upon my parents' tomb.
 " Nor was permitted me the hope to lie
 " In the same sepulchre, my parents by.
 " Else had I walk'd, at some still hour of night,
 " When *Cyntbia* on the tombs sheds solemn light,
 " And writ with pencil, on my parents' graves,
 " *Here too Sophronia for admission craves.*
 " My guardian, whom my fire esteem'd a friend,
 " Told me, my fortunes he could not defend.
 " *The Turk, (said he) I fear, your wealth will seize,*
 " *Unless to turn Mahometan you please.*
 " *A Christian Heiress, in the Turk's Domain,*
 " *Left under age, will justice scarce obtain.*
 " He then advis'd, my native soil to leave,
 " With as much gold as he could quick receive.

Him

- " Him true or not, I swallow'd his advice,
- " And with full bags departed in a trice,
- " A *Danish* vessel floated near the shore,
- " Which brought me safe, the quiet oceans o'er,
- " Fair *Copenhagen*! (this I blush to say)
- " Thy streets beheld me an advent'rous gay.
- " Yet safe arrival on a pleasant shore,
- " After a sweep of so much ocean o'er,
- " May plead allowance for a girl so raw,
- " Who could for thousands on a banker draw,
- " At *Copenhagen* whilst abode I made,
- " I first had visits from the rich in trade,
- " To such my banker early made me known,
- " And learn'd pastors of the sacred gown,
- " Soon was I notic'd by superior ranks,
- " Whose favours I repaid with modest thanks,
- " My person was extoll'd, and soon my name
- " In festive groupes a general toast became,
- " Nor without titles some my name would speak,
- " *The Maid of Actica — the beautiful Greek.*

"My

14 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

" My intellectual gifts (more flattering still)
 " Were declared worthy of the *Phocian* Hill.
 " If wit I utter'd, it was blazon'd high
 " For pure *Olympian*, and the style of sky.
 " This, with admirers captive in my train,
 " Swell'd me with pride, and self-opinion vain.
 " But polish'd *Alfric* so perform'd his part,
 " He gain'd possession of my flatter'd heart.
 " Urg'd by his warmth, to marriage I agreed,
 " And lawyers for the articles were fee'd.
 " Our purpos'd nuptials made a public talk,
 " And arm in arm we oft abroad would walk.
 " All on a sudden fell my towering pride,
 " When *Alfric* took *Melissa* for his bride.
 " Abash'd, I left the town's tumultuous streets,
 " Withdrew my cash, and sought these lone retreats.
 " When here I came, I first my name disguis'd,
 " And the feign'd name of *Fridiswida* devis'd.
 " At *Walwyn's* mansion first I friendship found,
 " And soon I purchas'd this romantic ground.

7M "

" Here,

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

15

- " Here, from intrusions of false lovers free,
 " I with myself have studied to agree.
 " Nor aught hath chanc'd to flutter my repose,
 " Save *Walwyn's* death, and *Anchoretta's* woes.
 " My neighbours judge me for-a wonderous wit,
 " And to my counsel their affairs submit.
 " Consultors here I daily entertain,
 " And of their sweethearts hear the clowns complain;
 " Adjust the quarrels of the man and wife,
 " And fix the terms to bar out future strife.
 " Then (what I love the best) the poor I cheer,
 " Out of my savings in the last-gone year.
 " And to the sick I remedies bestow,
 " To raise the languid from the bed of woe.
 " The erudition I acquired in *Greece*,
 " Proves a rich fund of philosophic peace.
 " I thought, one while, 'twas left in *Greece* behind,
 " But hours with *Noel* bring all fresh to mind.
 " Each morning early, thus in summer-tide,
 " I range these groves, where winding currents glide.
 " And,

16 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

" And, in the ardor of the sultry day,
 " The cool refreshing grotts invite my stay.
 " How oft with *Anchoret* I pass the time,
 " Now talk of trifles, now of things sublime.
 " Our secrets all are to each other known,
 " My name *Sophronia* known to her alone.
 " We well are suited for each other's aid,
 " A widow she, I a rejected maid.
 " Three visits now are from the widow due,
 " Nor have I seen her face these seven nights two.
 " This in the Summer is so rare a thing,
 " Her to the *Grottos*, sure, to-day will bring.
 " What in the north imports yon silver cloud!
 " Its shape resembling a sepulchral shroud.
 " And lo! it moves against the southern breeze,
 " And now it hovers o'er yon tufted trees.
 " Hah! it spreads wide, and intercepts the sun!
 " It scatters—*Sol* breaks forth—and cloud there's none!
 " Some good portent is this—Ah! who comes here?
 " Dear widow, hail! my *Anchoretta* dear!

For

For now the beauteous *Anchoret* advanc'd,
 Whose loving smile the visit's joys enhanc'd.
 ' Dearest *Sophronia*, (said the widow'd Fair)
 " Long keep thy health the breeze of *Lapland* air!
 " Something unquiet hangs upon my heart,
 " Which to my maiden I must needs impart.
 " A *Danish* Nobleman, whom well you know,
 " Stopp'd at the mansion some few nights ago.
 " His name is *Alfric*, his complexion fair,
 " And fresh the youthful color of his hair.
 " He ask'd, if in these northern parts around
 " One of the name *Sophronia* might be found,
 " To which I said, that such *Greek* name sublime
 " Was novel quite in this rude *Lapland* clime.
 " To come and tell thee, I had then intent,
 " But his departure did my steps prevent.
 " For, the next morn, at earliest peep of day,
 " He, with his equipage, made haste away.

D

And,

18 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

" And, the same day, on which fell spouting rains,

" *Janetta* came from *Dalécarlian* plains."

" Peace travel with him ! (said the maiden fair)

" No longer be the fountain of my care."

To whom the widow thus replied in turn.

" Rejoic'd am I to see thy unconcern.

" But I have something more to tell my maid ;

" Yet 'tis so dotish, that I'm half-afraid.

" Perchance, when I have told thee, thou wilt smile

" At my expence — then patient list a while.

" Thou know'st what love this heart for *Walwyn* bore,

" And, sure, a widow'd heart ne'er sorrow'd more.

" How shall I bear to see all *Walwyn's* charms,

" Stamp'd fresh in *Noel*, in a woman's arms !

" 'Tis but three days since fair *Janetta* came,

" On whose perfections I might well declaim,

" From *Dalécarlia* thou hast hear'd report

" Of her admirers in the *Swedish* Court.

" Hither

- " Hither with *Noel* she will walk to-day :
- " But hear me to the worst I have to say,
- " The fire of love is lit in *Noel*'s breast,
- " And thy dear widow is depriv'd of rest.
- " Indeed, *Sophronia*, I've not broke their peace ;
- " But mine is broke — When will affliction cease ?

To whom *Sophronia*, with a chiding brow :

- " Pardon me, *Anch'ret*, thou'rt erroneous now.
- " I know thy breast from all foul wishes pure,
- " But this strange frailty thou must strive to cure.
- " Because a Son resembles all his Sire,
- " Must he be dead to Love's ingenuous fire ?
- " Far unlike *Walwyn* would your *Noel* be,
- " If at this age from amorous passion free,
- " Did *Walwyn* right, his *Anchoret* to wed ?
- " So born was *Noel* for *Janetta*'s bed.
- " Check thy fanatic thoughts, and rest content ;
- " For a *Third Walwyn* for the world is meant."

While thus the ladies held their serious talk,
 They hear'd some steps within a neighb'ring walk.
 Their eyes they turn'd the way they hear'd the sound,
 When forth came *Alfric*, with a bow profound.
 Whom when the pensive *Anchoret* espied,
 She to a silent Grot retired aside.
 The beauteous *Greek* let fall her copious veil,
 And to the visitor gave courteous hail.

" Respected Lady, (said the noble *Dane*)
 " Pardon the steps which these sweet walks profane.
 " Long have I wander'd, stranger long to rest,
 " And hope that grief has purified my breast.
 " A few days past, I, with my sober train,
 " Was hast'ning southward thro' the *Swede's* domain.
 " But when alighting at our evening-stage,
 " I found a man of conversation sage.
 " Him I intreated to accept a share
 " Of what was promis'd in my bill of fare.

" A pious

" A pious *Lutheran Priest* my guest I found;
 " And well-acquainted with the country round.
 " And when he learn'd that in these parts I'd been,
 " He ask'd me, if the *Grottos* I had seen.
 " *Grottos!* quoth I, with an unconscious smile;
 " Yes, cried the priest, *about a Swedish mile*
 " From Swandawara.—No indeed, I said:
 " At which the serious person shook his head.
 " There, added he, *a scene so courts the sight,*
 " Nature and Art conspire to give delight.
 " An antique dwelling stands within the pale,
 " Fenc'd by plantations from the stormy gale.
 " The Grotts are interspers'd in walks of shade,
 " Walks of deep gloom, for meditation made,
 " Where minds serene would ever wish to stay,
 " And Guilt, impress'd with horror, dreads to stay.
 " What next he added of the Owner fair,
 " I to repeat ask favour to forbear;
 " Save that her wisdom, almost past belief,
 " Can restore comfort to the sons of grief;

" And

" And that her skill can cure the wounded heart,

" Tortur'd by hopeless Love's afflictive smart.

" I, feeling this to be my hapless case,

" Turn'd back my route to this delightful place:

" Where, if some tender secrets may be spoke,

" A heart may heal, which else must soon be broke."

Thus said, he bow'd with a respectful grace,

While the full veil conceal'd *Sophronia's* face.

" Stranger, (she said) 'tis almost waste of time

" To disavow those compliments sublime,

" With which the priest exalts my humble fame;

" Too sanguine far, and much deserving blame.

" 'Tis the sound head, which the sore heart must heal;

" No means external lasting help can deal.

" How should another compass my woe,

" Unless the springs of all my griefs he know?

" Another self 'tis needful he commence,

" Before he comfort can to me dispense.

My

- " My actions, fortunes, every hope and fear,
 " To him, as to myself, must all appear.
 " And when all these are known, without disguise,
 " A second head with profit may advise.
 " And would it not be strange, should I demand,
 " All secrets of your breast to understand?
 " Tell me *thy* life—How sounds it in your ear?
 " *Whate'er* concerns you, make to me appear.
 " Dost think I know thee by unerring guess,
 " Or talents præternatural profess?"

To whom the nobleman submissive said:

- " The guilt of perjur'd love is on my head,
 " These twenty years, a Lady have I fought,
 " Whom my base falsehood to affliction brought.
 " From *Greece* to *Denmark* when *Sophronia* came,
 " All *Copenhagen* echo'd with her name.
 " She, far too generous, my suit receiv'd,
 " Promis'd her hand, and all my vows believ'd,

" And

24 THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

" And when the beauteous *Greek* I'd sworn to wed,
 " I took *Melissa* to my bridal bed:
 " Whose courtly kindred, and connections great,
 " Might raise me higher in the ranks of state.
 " The injur'd *Greek*, with indignation fired,
 " Scorn'd to be pitied, and from town retired.
 " But where she went, no citizen could hear;
 " Left in the dark were friends who held her dear.
 " She, whose connections were to make me great,
 " *Melissa*, in a month shared mortal fate.
 " With her, I lost all hopes in rank to rise,
 " But more I griev'd, to lose my *Gracian* prize.
 " Villain and fool, did I myself reproach,
 " Pure bliss to barter for a statesman's coach.
 " The town I left, but fought in vain content,
 " For guilt and shame pursued where'er I went.
 " What kingdoms I have rang'd, 'twere long to tell,
 " In hope to learn where might *Sophrania* dwell.
 " All *Europe's* polish'd realms I've rang'd with toil,
 " Last, with least hope, this *Hyperborean* soil.

" Without

" Without her pardon gain'd, before I die,

" I must in torment on my death-bed lie."

To whom *Sopbronia*: " Yet thou hast not said

" The Lady's qualities of heart and head.

" Moreover, tell me — when the flatter'd *Greek*

" Hear'd *Copenhagen* her applauses speak,

" And saw in captive chains her amorous train,

" Grew she not haughty, insolent, and vain?"

Here *Alfric* paus'd, before he made reply,

And to himself spake thus, with downcast eye.

" I of this train of lovers nothing spake,

" But of my suit alone did mention make.

" 'Tis true, *Sopbronia* had a numerous train,

" Who would have died, her favour to obtain.

" Of which this Lady knows — yet makes request

" To know what qualities the *Greek* possess'd."

Madam,

" Madam, (said *Alfric*, now pronouncing loud)
" *Sophronia* of admirers had a crowd;
" Altho' to mention that, I now forbore,
" Meaning to speak what needs, and nothing more.
" But I ne'er saw *Sophronia* proud or vain,
" Nor once discover'd in her soul a stain.
" And her wit, learning, taste, and brilliant sense,
" Were all exalted as her innocence."

" Then, (said *Sophronia*) 'tis my humble guess,
" That she, in pity to thy long distress,
" Would, could she see thee, a free pardon give,
" And, for her own renown, bid *Alfric* live.
" Henceforth, till her thou find, of this be sure,
" And, long or short, the interim endure.
" To range these groves be now thy morning-task,
" And for thy presence I at noon will ask."

While thus she spake, a personage advanc'd,
At whose approach *Sophronia* stood entranc'd.

A Tartar's

A *Tartar's* dress he wore, low bow'd his head,
And "Know'st thou me, dear *Fridiswid?*" he said.

Him thro' her veil she view'd with stedfast eye,
Till retired *Alfric* in the thickets by.

Then, taking up her veil, she thus exclaim'd:

"Come not thus hither, *Noel*, to be blam'd.

"So poor a frolic honors not thy sense;

"Drop thy disguise, nor such buffoon commence.

"I thought my presence had been more revered,

"And *Noel's* friends more to his heart endear'd.

"Thy mother is hard by, and would not chuse

"Thus to see *Noel* his good parts abuse.

"And wife *Janetta* will with justice frown,

"And on thy folly look contemptuous down."

Ere this was spoken, *Anchoret* was near;

Behind the shrubs, she both could see and hear.

And to herself she utter'd in surprize,

"Sure I spy *Noel* in yon strange disguise.

- 'Tis he ! — his voice, his eye, complexion fair,
 " And each loose ringlet of his flaxen hair.
 " But where could *Noel* either buy or hire
 " That dress *Tartarian*, doubtful I admire.
 " Foreign *Sophronia* needs must that procure :
 " What base intrigue ! — How shall I this endure !
 " This comes of woman's taking the employ
 " To lead the understanding of a boy.
 " Yet how should falsehood in her breast reside ?
 " Hark ! 'tis not so — for him I hear her chide.
 " Oh ! she chides nobly ! — Sweet, sententious maid !
 " Down, my suspicions ! be for ever laid !
 " Now he prepares to speak — I'll stay and hear.
 " That which to know I stand in anxious fear."

Now to *Sophronia* thus the man replied :

- " Have I a *Noel* then, whom thou wouldst chide ?
 " And lives my *Anchoret*, his mother dear ?
 " Bless'd be the Goodness which restored me here !"

To

To whom *Sophronia*, with a trembling knee:

“ Me Heaven support! — Art *Walwyn*, whom I see!

“ Speak, Apparition! — for I weeping view’d

“ Thy corpse entomb’d, and o’er it cypress strew’d.”

Now *Anchoretta*, trembling with surprize,
Betwixt the branches gaz’d with stedfast eyes.

“ That, *Fridiswid*, I grant; (said *Walwyn*’s form:)

“ But that night happen’d a terrific storm:

“ Which help’d old *Quintin*, the physician sam’d,

“ (Who for my death, no doubt, hath here been blam’d)

“ To dig in privacy the hallow’d clay,

“ And from the grave to steal these limbs away.

“ Me dead he doubted; yet not dar’d give out,

“ That of my death he bore that secret doubt;

“ Because ’twas whisper’d, certain drugs he gave,

“ More sure to kill, than probable to save.

“ And had he said, *Interr not yet the man*,

“ That were confessing the bold risque he ran.

“ Therefore

" Therefore believing that the vital heat
 " Might still remain, altho' no pulse could beat,
 " He toil'd all night, while Tempest roar'd aloud,
 " And stole my body with its burial-shroud ;
 " Leaving the coffin vacant in the tomb,
 " And placing as it was, the earthy lome.
 " And, since not certain he my life could save,
 " To justify his action at the grave,
 " He, in the dead of night, without his man,
 " Drove me off, swiftly, in his caravan.
 " Thro' private ways, he sought the nearest port,
 " On the North coast, where ships of trade resort.
 " In a small bark he lodg'd his doubtful freight,
 " And for the breeze had no long time to wait.
 " When first these eyes once more beheld the light,
 " A small, poor cabin struck my wond'ring sight,
 " There, with a strange astonishment I spied
 " The anxious *Quintin*, seated by my side.
 " Meagre and wan, he view'd me with surprise,
 " And pleasure sparkled in his deep-sunk eyes.
 " Then,

" Then, and at other times, these facts he told,
" Which, not thus prov'd, might seem romances bold.
" I on the deck, at every eve and morn,
" Was, for fresh air, upon his shoulders borne.
" To health, in short, he soon restored my frame,
" Which, when perform'd, his turn of sickness came.
" And, while he wasted in a quick decay,
" To do him justice me he oft would pray.
" A store of gold to me in bags he gave,
" Then died in peace — and ocean was his grave.

" Bound for the Streights, we still in Northern Seas
" Kept floating, with an opposition breeze.
" At length a furious western tempest blew,
" And amidst rocks of ice our vessel threw.
" Our wreck was quick : I, senseless in the shock,
" Leap'd, and alighted on a shelving rock.
" How in my fright I mov'd, I cannot tell,
" But the surrounding scene remember well ;

" Where.

32 THE MAID *of the* GROTTOS.

" Where rocks of ice, and snow-built mountains rise,
 " With glist'ning summits, to the chilly skies.
 " Some miles I faintly stray'd, before I found
 " One pleasing sign of habitable ground.
 " But on a sudden, from a snow-topt height,
 " A fertile valley charm'd my wearied sight.
 " Here huts I spied, encircled in a pale,
 " And woods and streams adorn'd the various vale.
 " At length some men and women me surround,
 " While 'mong themselves a busy hum went round.
 " Me they presented with some cakes of bread,
 " Which I devouring, thankful bow'd my head.
 " Such friendly creatures stranger never saw,
 " In countries made corrupt by pœnal law.
 " Their speech I learn'd, and taught them sundry arts,
 " And to my int'rest won their grateful hearts.
 " And when my story they desired to know,
 " I forg'd adventures, mixt of blifs and woe.
 " For, lest the fact should seem a fiction bold,
 " Inventions far more probable I told.

" When

- " When first the country I survey'd around,
 " Penn'd in an ice-block'd Isle, myself I found ;
 " Where, thro' long years, no floating bark is seen,
 " Save some hot Summer, on the ocean green,
 " When with uncommon heat the sun-beams glow,
 " And bid the frost-bound element to flow.
 " Five weeks ago, when twenty years had rowl'd,
 " Early one morn, to gather shells I stroll'd ;
 " Wherewith my custom was the huts to deck ;
 " A boat I spied, with seamen 'scap'd from wreck.
 " I halloo'd, becken'd, and attention gain'd,
 " When to a little rock their boat they chain'd.
 " With much fatigue, and many a vent'rous leap,
 " Down craggy fides, where icy hillocks heap,
 " Their crew I join'd ; and from the frozen shore,
 " With stout exertion, each employ'd his oar.
 " Ere long of *Wardbus* we a vessel spied,
 " Whose bounteous master haul'd us to her side.
 " There, landed soon, I kiss'd my native soil,
 " And look'd back smiling upon years of toil.

F

" Hither

34 THE MAID of the GROTTOs.

" Hither I hasted, with unwearied feet,
" Nor loiter'd, till I gain'd this rural feat,
" Rather with you to seek advice alone,
" Than first rush home, to meet events unknown."

To whom *Sophronia* : " Oh my long-lost friend,
" Methinks disasters from this moment end.
" Thy *Noel* lives, thyself so much alike,
" That scarce a difference the eye can strike.
" For him I took thee, thus disguis'd in dress,
" Such wonderful resemblance all confess.
" Thy faithful wife, thy *Anchoretta* dear,
" Walks 'mong the *Grottos*, on a visit here."

Now *Anchoretta* from concealment rush'd,
Her glowing cheek with joy ecstatic flush'd.
She flew to *Walwyn*, with Seraphic charms,
Then feebly sunk, and fainted in his arms;
But soon recover'd, and, in height of bliss,
Gave and receiv'd a fresh connubial kiss.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile some distance off was *Noel* seen,
Advancing with *Janetta* o'er the green.
Sophronia in the walks now *Alfric* spied,
And with a beckon brought him to her side.
She, still her face concealing in the veil,
Told him in brief all *Walwyn's* wond'rous tale;
Then him requested to direct his feet
Where he would *Noel* and *Janetta* meet,
And with discretion both their minds prepare,
Of *Walwyn's* life the general joy to share.
Alfric, rejoicing at the strange event,
Tow'rd the young lovers on his errand went.
The *Grottos'* Mistress now dispos'd the day,
And to the parties gave a banquet gay.
As *Fridiswid* at first her veil she wore,
When *Alfric* enter'd at the festive door:
She, soon unveiling, with peculiar grace,
Alfric, with transport, saw *Sophronia's* face;

And, her kind words recalling to his mind,

Read, in her looks, his happiness design'd.

The long-lost *Walwyn* and his *Anch'ret* fair

Sat by each other, on one spacious chair.

Walwyn and *Noel*, happy Son and Sire,

From eyes alike shot forth congenial fire.

And *Anchoretta*, with her *Walwyn* blest,

Saw *Noel's* courtship with a heart at rest.

For joy of *Walwyn*, now were call'd a throng

Of neighbors round, for evening-mirth and song.

Met in the brilliant hall, the neighbors gay

Admir'd the fortunes of the joyful day.

By youths and girls the merry harps were strung,

And Northern Poetry was sweetly sung.

One cunning Nymph, to suit *Sophronia's* plan,

The ballad of *Inconstant Kate* began.

Blushes on *Alfric's* cheek sat all the while,

Which saw *Sophronia* with a secret smile.

At

At every turn, his head would downward hang,
While to the harp the skilful Damsel sang :

KATE was the idol of the plains,
To look was to admire ;
And Harold, best of rural swains,
For Kate was all on fire.

On travels far must Harold go,
And visit countries new,
But swore, his heart should ever glow
For Kate with passion true.

Kate wept, and kiss'd her parting swain,
And vow'd eternal love ;
But absence soon remov'd her pain,
And taught her heart to rove.

No doubt (*said Kate*) his passion too
For me doth fast decay ;
His heart, a slave to beauties new,
Has rov'd, like mine, away.

Thus

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

Thus Kate consoled her fickle heart,
 By judging him untrue;
 And play'd a self-deceiver's part,
 For honest was his view.

Where'er he row'd from town to town,
 The girls in vain allure;
 In midst of beauties, fair and brown,
 To Kate his flame was pure.

In haste his Kate and home to see,
 Fond Harold back returns,
 And sadly stung to find is he,
 That Kate no longer burns.

By flattery won, she throws her eye
 On Lucio, courtly swain.

When Harold strait prepares to fly
 From home, from Kate, from pain.

Abroad

*Abroad once more doth Harold roam,
And finds Lætitia fair,
And soon the prize conducts he home,
Whose love rewards his care.*

*Now Kate, in jealous mood, bewail'd
Her loss of constant swain;
Then flattering Lucio scornful rail'd,
And left her to complain.*

*The youths and virgins of the place,
Who griev'd for Harold's wrong,
Beheld with joy Lætitia's face,
And sang their bridal song.*

*Kate, thus rejected, stung with pride,
Repentance cast her down;
Her face from sight she strove to hide,
And left her native town.*

*It was on Harold's nuptial morn,
When Kate prepared to go,
To wander from her town forlorn,
With tardy steps of woe.*

*Adieu! (she cried) ye native walls,
Ye customary groves!
And harbor give, now Cath'rine falls,
To none but constant Loves!*

*To Lucio went a tender maid;
Hard-hearted youth! (she cried)
For thou hast beauteous Kate betray'd;
Of all our plains the pride.*

*She to the woods, this festive morn,
Is gone with bleeding heart;
Haste, Lucio, to the maid forlorn,
And act a generous part.*

Relenting

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

49

*Relenting Lucio felt his shame,
And follow'd Cath'rine's feet,
And thro' the woods invokes her name,
'Till all the woods repeat.*

*He wander'd o'er the devious ground,
Nor did his wandering cease,
'Till plaintive Kate at noon be found,
And talk'd her breast to peace.*

*Back to the village hasted they,
To join the bridal mirth;
And both the pairs, one nuptial day,
Began their Heaven on Earth.*

*These strains concluded, Alfric's eyes confess'd
The conscious tumult of a wounded breast.
Sophronia was atoned; her harp she strang,
And words, compos'd by Noel, thus she sang.*

G

SWEETLY

SWEETLY blooms the flow'et gay,

After blasts of stormy day.

Fresh, next morn, its beauties rise,

Cherish'd by serener skies.

Ere misfortune thee subdue,

Up to sky direct thy view.

There bright tokens tell the mind,

Sweet Reverses wait behind.

When black clouds in barrest frown,

And threat the fields in floods to drown,

Then the Rainbow, Queen of Showers,

Laughs at every cloud which lours.

Here ceas'd *Sapphronia*, and around the throng

Casting her eye, demands another song.

Her looks on *Noel* fell; who strait obey'd,

And to *Janetta* what he wish'd, convey'd;

To

To what he ask'd, her smile consent declared,
 And for a song alternate, both prepared.
 The verse to Beauty had *Sophronia* wrote,
 To which had *Noel* set the tuneful note.
Janetta learn'd it on the previous day,
 And she, with *Noel*, sang the fav'rite lay.
 They, taking turns, repeated verse by verse,
 And thus to music did the strains rehearse.

JANETTA.

BEAUTY, *Queen of Charms*, I hail,
 Presiding in the flowery vale,
 Mantled o'er with colors gay.
 Thee I'll sing in woody shades,
 'Till vocal the responding glades
 Make the breeze whisper to the lay.

NOEL.

Beauty! thee from hills I'll sing,
 Till the circling valleys ring,
 And echoes vibrate o'er the ground.
 Rivers, winding on the plains,
 Far shall bear my warbling strains,
 Down their streams, to woods around.

JANETTA.

*Say, oh Beauty! why arise
Hills with summits to the skies,
But to survey thy works below?
On the Hills thou sitt'st a Queen;
Smiling o'er the valleys green,
And streams which glisten as they flow.*

NOEL.

*Oft by moonlight, down the hill,
Seekest thou the bubbling rill;
Where the planted willow-ranks
Intercept the silver Moon,
When she vies with solar Noon,
Darting on the flowery banks.*

JANETTA.

*How charmest thou, when morning-light
Displays Earth's landscape to the sight!
How blazest thou, when Night reveals
Planets near, and Suns afar,
And the Comet, threat'ning war,
Creations vast, which Day conceals!*

NOEL.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS. 45

NOEL.

*Then shinest thou in Spheres on high;
Mist'd on Earth, thou'rt found in Sky;
Sparkling in Orion's ray,
Lacquied with his Hound and Hare,
Neighbor'd by the Arctic Bear,
And the spangled Milky Way.*

JANETTA.

*Thou with the Arts hast made thy home,
In Gothic Spire, and Græcian Dome;
From thee the charms of Rhetoric came,
And the magic, warbling sound
Of sweet Music's changeful round,
And Poetry's Olympian flame.*

NOEL.

*Thro' thee, the Hyperborean Cold
Gives man no horrors to behold.
'Twas thy command that frosted Dew,
Swelling every twig and thorn,
At the virgin-hour of Morn,
Like gems should sparkle to the view.*

JANETTA.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

JANETTA.

Nor yet indelicate the North
 Bellows his wintry tempest forth,
 O'er naked scenes a veil to throw;
 Earth, when stript of flowers, to hide,
 To maintain Creation's pride,
 And shroud dead Nature o'er with snow.

NOEL.

Thine, from sea, the views of land,
 Sloping to the pebbled sand,
 Topp'd with towers, and huts of swains,
 'Till the corner'd coast divides,
 To let out the River's tides,
 Whose torrents toss up sandy plains.

JANETTA.

For thee, oh Beauty! Ocean's form
 Shall cease to swell in fatal storm;
 There the flag shall bound with speed;
 When the Islands haste to meet,
 To spread the continental sheet;
 For monsters swim, where flocks shall feed.

JANETTA.

NOEL.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS 47

NOEL.

*Mountains then shall lift their heads,
Where, long-sunk in ocean-beds,
Atlantis stretch'd his coasted sides.
Teneriffe with joy shall smile,
To see restor'd the spacious Isle,
In banks emerging from the tides.*

JANETTA.

*The Ages, Beauty! thee obey;
And rude Events confess thy sway,
Tho' Misfortune hurls the blast.
Order'd Causes upward spring,
Which Delights from Sorrows bring,
And sweet Proportion charms at last.*

NOEL.

*Ægypt's allegoric Clime
Caught from thee the Dance sublime,
Which the throngs of Angels beat,
Showing the revolving spheres,
Which, in many thousand years,
Round the Skies their Course compleat.*

JANETTA.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS.

JANETTA.

By thee, the verse rolls smooth along,
 Thro' the maze of tuneful Song:
 The Bard thro' Nature darts his eye:
 Then thy Charms his heart engage,
 He revels in a Golden Age,
 And builds him Shrines in Orbs of Sky.

NOEL.

Thy rich gift of Virgin-charms
 Thought suspends, and strength disarms.
 Lovely form'd by shape and grace,
 Of Seraphim the Copies fair,
 Eve's daughters thy attractions share,
 And thy electric powers of face.

JANETTA.

Scorning outward forms alone,
 The Spirit, Beauty! is thy throne,
 Where generous thoughts with splendor shine:
 Whence the words with sweetness flow,
 And the actions lovely glow,
 And speak their Source, a Cause Divine.

BOTH.

THE MAID of the GROTTOS. 49

BOTH.

*Proclaim we then, that Charms of Mind,
Of a super-mortal kind,
To Heaven's grand Center take their flight;
Where dwells the Pattern of the Spheres,
Guiding round their vast careers,
Beauty! thy Source, and Source of Light.*

Songs ended in the Hall, the evening-breeze
Invited forth, amongst umbrageous trees.
The glittering lamps illuminate the groves,
Which breath'd revival to prædestin'd loves.
And harps and flutes, dispos'd the walks around,
Charm'd all the place, with melody of sound.
The Guests, dividing in selected knots,
Partake refreshments in the lighted Grotts;
Then, re-assembling in the splendid Hall,
Begin the Dance, and Music guides the Ball.

Three Couples now of purest bliss possess'd,
Invited for three days was every guest.

H

And

And the same annual feast they now ordain,
While yet the *Grottos* should a place remain.

The Guests went home ; the Northern Lights were strong ;
And, as they walk'd, amazement seiz'd the throng.
For, to this day, *Norwegian* Swains declare,
The Ghost of *Quintin* glided thro' the air ;
Pass'd round the *Grottos*, rustling thro' the shades,
Casting a train of light along the glades,
And thus pronounc'd — “ This night, my troubles cease ;
“ This night, commences my eternal peace.
“ My Body in the ocean found a tomb ;
“ The Charge of *Walwyn* was my Spirit's doom.
“ Him climbing up the rocks, with strength I nerv'd,
“ And from the sudden wreck his life preserv'd.
“ Him have I guided to *Norwegian* shores,
“ And now to Paradise my Spirit soars.”
So said, he darted to the starry heights,
And intermingled with the Northern Lights.

THE END.